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PLAYING THE GAME OF HEALTH

By ELIZABETH STORM



No Fried Foods for Cho-Cho

DO YOU know Cho-Cho? You never have seen him? Cho-Cho is the funniest man you ever met. He is just like a clown at the circus only you get to know him very much better and he introduces you to his best friends. You will be glad to meet Sammy Spinach, Tom Turnip and Charlie Carrot and there are Rosie Apple, Mr. Whole-Wheat Bread and Cow-in-the-Meadow, too, who tell the boys how to be the strongest boys in the neighborhood and if the girls take his advice they will turn into the prettiest, liveliest girls in their neighborhood.

Hundreds of the children of Iowa will see Cho-Cho this spring. Miss Margaret Baker, food specialist for Iowa, has coaxed Cho-Cho to spend five weeks here. He will be in twenty-one counties and begins his tour April twenty-fifth. The counties fortunate enough to engage Cho-Cho are: Humboldt, Pottawattamie, Franklin, Bremer, Story, Iowa, Des Moines, Jones, Woodbury, Wright, Butler, Black Hawk, Johnson, Clinton, Buena Vista, Webster, Hardin, Poweshiek, Jefferson, Delaware and Scott.

Cho-Cho is the Health Clown who was trained by the Child Health Organization and christened with their initials. He is sent by them to give his performances for the children of any school, club or community that wishes to pay his expenses and a modest fee. Cho-Cho talks to the children until he converts them into enthusiastic supporters and believers in the Health game. Best of all, he is not alone but a part of a nation wide campaign to raise the standard of health of American school children all over the country. He is just one feature of the program of education offered by the Child Health Organization of America. His mission is to "put across" the message of health, to win the child himself, to secure cooperation, public and private, for chil-

dren's health, to awaken in the child a sense of duty to himself and an interest in the things he can do to develop his own physical sturdiness.

This new adventure in child health is the outcome of startling revelations made by school nurses, lecturers, doctors, dietitians and traveling clinics who were organized by the Child Health Organization and sent broadcast over the country to reach every town and village. These good people discovered that three out of every four children were suffering from physical defects which might be prevented or corrected. This means that 15,000,000 out of the 25,000,000 school children in the land are growing up under handicaps which are responsible for the failure to attain quite the physical and intellectual development of which they are capable.

Every one of this group of children is suffering not from one defect but several, all preventable or remediable. Adenoids, enlarged tonsils, poor eyesight and bad teeth are dragging down the general vitality and weakening still further the processes of growth. Worst of all, they are "malnourished" because of the ignorance of their parents. Thirty-three and one-third of all the school children are at least ten percent below the average weight for their age and height. And the total number of those failing to come up to standard, if only by a few pounds, amounts to fifty percent plus.

Parents have been so busy with the other duties of caring for their family that they have neglected these small but mighty demands of their little ones. In many cases it is ignorance, all the more deplorable. Is it any wonder that the Child Health Organization has resorted to the method that will reach the children directly and in a manner which they understand and will not readily forget? Cho-Cho solved this problem. He doesn't campaign with "musts" and "don'ts" but entertains the children so keenly that the applause is a chorus of "wills" and "want to's." For Cho-Cho is a clown—a real clown. He has the undivided attention of every child as with charming nonsense and droll antics he teaches the simple facts of health and hygiene.

Cho-Cho's first laugh creates an atmosphere of understanding, of happiness and jollity. For forty minutes he plays with his audience, demonstrating the right way to eat, bathe, sleep and brush the teeth. He gains their confidence right on the spot when he tells them that he is personally interested in their health and that they should make close friends of his friends whom he introduces, they follow him as tho he were the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Cho-Cho was once an actor but he has merged his identity as well as his former profession in the fascinating creation of the health clown. He insists upon traveling in his make-up and signs himself Cho-Cho in the hotel registers.

It is this confidence that Cho-Cho really is their friend and that no one

knows him better than they which makes Cho-Cho content to "find himself by losing himself" in the love of the children. They know that he is sincere and he holds the spell over them for their own good. That is why when they laugh in response to one of his jokes, and he says, "I made you laugh on purpose because I wanted to see which of you have pearls and which have coffee beans," they become thoroly convinced of the need of having good teeth. "There was no one to warn poor Cho-Cho when he was little about what happens to your teeth if you don't use your tooth brush," he tells them as he shows his own gold-filled teeth and they listen to the rest of his lecture with absorbed interest and make resolutions to take care of their pearls while they have them.

Cho-Cho's reforms are as magic. Budding chauffeurs and engineers, formerly too busy to wash their hands, disclose a startling interest in the state of their finger nails at meal times and bookworms become suddenly devoted to fresh air, night and day. Wholesome dishes once advised by mother or teacher take on a most appetizing aspect and disappear in a surprising manner. It is no task to remember which are bad and which are good foods after seeing Cho-Cho come in from his visit with the farmer's wife who gave him all kinds of vegetables. He empties his basket so all can see and puts all the good foods such as onions, carrots, spinach, cabbage, tomatoes, milk and sweet chocolate together on the table. Then he puts all the bad foods, cucumbers, radishes, pickles and doughnuts to one side. He urges the children to drink more milk, a pint a day of good fresh milk for:



THESE ARE the RULES of the GAME

- | | |
|--|--|
| A full bath more than once a week. | Eating some vegetables or fruit every day. |
| Brushing the teeth at least once every day. | Drinking at least four glasses of water a day. |
| Sleeping long hours with windows open. | Playing part of every day out of doors. |
| Drinking as much milk as possible, but no coffee or tea. | A bowel movement every day. |

CHILD HEALTH ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA
156 FIFTH AVENUE . . . NEW YORK

Every child in the United States will want to play this game

M is for milk that makes muscle and bone.

One pint each day would be best until you are grown.

I is for iron in spinach and eggs, Builds red blood and sinews for strong arms and legs.

There is no doubt that the Health game is the national game of America today. Everyday sees more and more scales and health charts being placed in school rooms, more nutrition classes started among the mothers and weight and strength contests being waged among the children themselves. Could the Toothbrush Brigade of the United States assemble some morning, what a gratifying sight it would be to the commanding officers of the Child Health Organization! And the athletes which will one day

be in the public eye will rival the old Romans themselves in strength and sturdy robustness.

Iowa children are holding their own but after Cho-Cho's visit the health curves ought to dash upwards. Women's clubs, school superintendents, public health nurses and the mothers themselves are inviting Cho-Cho to their town to teach the Health game to all the boys and girls. Perhaps, some time, they may meet the Picture Man, The Health Fairy or the Jolly Jester.

But if real visits from real people are impossible there is the Health Library which contains such pretty stories as "Cho-Cho and the Health Fairy," "A Diet for School Children" and "Child Health Alphabet." The latter holds such wheedling little rhymes as:

"L is for luncheon, served hot in the school,

We wish all the teachers could follow this rule."

"S is important and therefore I hope You'll pardon my specially mentioning soap."

It winds up convincingly:

"Now march for it, children, with drum and with fife

Z is the Zest which health gives to life."

With special attention called to health habits as they are by the efforts of the Child Health Organization it is not hard to show the child that the boy who wins at the game of Health will have an excellent chance, when he grows up, to win at the game of Life.

The Housewife and Her Working Clothes

By MARGARET KINGERY

PERHAPS there is no surer sign of a woman's sense of the beautiful than her own costume when at work in her home. It is surprising how many women can plan and furnish a very artistic and individual house and yet, herself, be a most inharmonious and jarring note in the whole color scheme. This is something that the average woman either never thinks of or simply doesn't care about, yet she will spend a great deal of time and expense planning or selecting her street clothes and her afternoon and evening gowns.

Somewhere, she has heard that blue is a fine color for house dresses. Blue is a clean, pretty color that doesn't fade, so blue she has—regardless of the effect of blue on her own coloring or with the color scheme of her home.

It is true that blue is a most becoming color for a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman with a clear complexion, but for her, whose eyes have a greenish-cast, and whose skin is a little sallaw, blue is most unflattering. Green trimmed with brown or buff or black would be much more becoming and, incidentally, more individual and distinctive.

Who ever saw an orange house dress? Probably, no one, because few women would dare to have one. Yet a brilliant orange chambray or crepe dress trimmed with black bindings would look really stunning on one with black hair and eyes. She would be the center of interest in any part of her home, and that is what she should be, for a home is merely a beautiful background for the folks who live there. She might cover a straw shade hat with the same material so that her costume would be more complete when she was in her garden or on her way to market.

Rose color and red in various shades are colors which give a warm reflection when worn near the face, and are very flattering to one whose skin has lost a little of its first coloring. Blue, with its cold reflection, robs this type of face of even the little color that may be there.

White is an excellent color in its

proper place. It is a most sanitary, but perhaps forbidding color, and when worn near the face, throws harsh, gray shadows. By contrast, white brings out the grayness or sallowness of the skin, with disastrous effects. If there must be a collar on the house dress try a pink one, or a cream one, or a lavender or green or yellow—anything but a solid white collar. A collar of thin white material, such as organdie, is permissible because then the color of the dress with which it is worn, shows thru and takes away the curse of the dead white.

There is, too, a psychological effect of the colors one wears. Any one feels in a better frame of mind when she realizes that she is wearing a becoming color and is an addition to the general landscape. In her kitchen she may match her brilliant house dress with the gay gingham curtains. Nothing launders as easily as gingham curtains and they stay clean much longer than the usual white ones.

I once knew a woman who had in her home a marvel of a spotless white kitchen—a most excellent impersonal laboratory. She soon grew a little dissatisfied with the monotony and coldness of the solid white so she bought a red geranium to put in the window. That was interesting so she decided that a little more red would be more interesting. She painted the labels on the salt, sugar and flour cans red and made a red and white checked border at the tops and bottoms of the cans. One day, she found some lovely red and white checked gingham which matched the painted border on her cans. From this she made herself a dress and then stitched bands of it on her curtains. It was always a joy to visit her kitchen after that, for it had an air of geniality that it never could have had before. In fact it was as delightful a room in which to sit and visit as her charming living room.

Good color and good design are not found in the cheapest grades of wash materials. Why on earth, tho, when the average housewife spends over

half of her waking hours in her house dress, does she want to buy the cheapest grade of materials?

We all profess to think more of our immediate family than of our friends and acquaintances, and yet we usually spend six times as much thot and money on our afternoon and street clothes than on the clothes we wear at home. This isn't intelligent nor logical. It is subjecting those we love best to an acid test, and it isn't fair. Buy a good quality of gingham that is guaranteed not to fade, make it in a 1921 style—not a 1912 model—and as long as it lasts it will be a joy to yourself and all who see you.

Unbleached muslin is a delightful background for all kinds of applique work. Designs may be cut from cretonne and hemmed on or the blanket stitch in black or a contracting colored thread may be used. Figures are sometimes cut from plain material and the designs worked on in outline stitch. Baskets are worked out in outline stitch and the flowers tumbling out of it are cut from gay cretonne and stitched on. Black cord may form the handle of the basket and also the girdle, with the ends frayed out. Any cross stitch design lends itself admirably to decorating even the plainest housedress of chambray or gingham. Care must be exercised in the choice of colors to see that they blend.

Japanese crepes may be bought in a wide variety of colors that are lovely, and that launder beautifully with little ironing. Ginghams in plaids, checks and stripes, and plain chambray ginghams may be very good in color and design. English print, which is none other than our old-fashioned calico—a little finer in quality and much better in design—makes quaint dresses. For colder days, we may find a good choice of color and design in challis, which are washable. With all this wealth of color and materials on the market, there is no excuse for buying ugly, cheap, muddy materials to gallop together, somehow, into a hopelessly homely housedress to be hated by all.